Hit Me, Husband

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Hit Me, Husband

by chaoswashere_X

Summary

Will comes to visit Duncan at the warehouse he oversees for their 5th year anniversary.

Duncan has a naughty surprise for him.

Kinktober Day 4: Double Penetration (One Hole) + Sex Toys + Spanking

Notes

Although, this fic isn't related in any way to my 'Ghosts That We Knew' story, (other than the fact that it's Kaisergram), I want to dedicate this fanfic to Crimsonlullaby for all their continued support and kind comments on the 'Ghosts That We Knew'.

I wouldn't have been able to finish it without your encouragement <33

I hope you enjoy!!

Will came to his husband's warehouse to wish him a happy 5 years—as of today.

It's very risky to be married to a top teir hit man as a Special Agent for the FBI. It's not uncommon to be called to one of Duncan's scenes. Will just pretends to know nothing. It's risky to accept to go to these scenes at all.

But Will is willing to take the risk for this perfect hunk of a man.

Because, now he's trying not to come as his husband pounds into his tight ass, his knees sitting on the cushion of one of Duncan's couches, his hands holding on for dear life to the headrest.

"Tsk. Quiet, boy." Duncan grumbles in his ear when Will lets out a particularly loud whine.

"Hey boss! I'm headed out for the day." One of Duncan's hit men that he oversees calls from the hall.

Duncan doesn't respond to his subordinate's farewell, he never does. He just keeps fucking into his perfect man built of muscle.

He waits until he hears the warehouse door lock to speak again. "We're alone now, my dear Will."

Will lets out a long groan now, not feeling the need to silence himself any longer.

He hears the impact before he feels it, harsh across his right ass cheek. He lets out a yelp at the correction, not understanding what he's done wrong.

"I told you to be quiet, slut." Duncan growls against his shoulder blade. "I have a surprise for you, since you've been so good."

Will nods his head, repressing a whine when he feels Duncan slip out of his tight heat.

He watches behind his shoulder for his clothed husband. He wouldn't allow Will to strip him, insisting that it will be quicker to just strip his belt and undo his fly.

It was ultimately true. Duncan was able to penetrate him much quicker than normal, but oh how Will wishes he could feel his skin against his husband's.

Duncan grabs a large, sleek black box from inside his desk and rounds the couch to come face to face with his beloved, placing a kiss on his sweaty curls

Seeing as how both of Will's hands are currently occupied holding his shaking frame up, Duncan does the honor of opening the box for him, presenting it towards the lean man.

Inside the box is a large black dildo, so similar to Duncan's huge size and shape that he almost thinks to ask if he took a mold of himself to make this for Will.

“A Black Kaiser dildo.. shit. Thank you, Duncan.” Will huffs out with a laugh, expressing to Duncan that he understands that this is meant to feel just like himself once it’s inside.

Duncan leans down with a soft smile, excusing the fact that Will spoke against his direction. “I’m going to put it in alongside myself, you’ll take it and say thank you, do you understand, slut?”

Will can’t seem to tear his eyes away from the new toy, not meeting Duncan’s single eye when he begs in a soft pant, “Please, husband.”

Duncan excuses himself after setting down the box, removing the large toy from it.

“Do you want me in a new position, Sir?” Will asks over his shoulder once Duncan is standing behind him once more.

“No, this will be easiest in this position.” Duncan gruffs out as he coats the entire length of the dildo in high quality lubricant.

Once Duncan seats his own length inside of Will, he asks in an curious tone of voice, “Will you take it all at once, my tempting boy?”

“Ah god- Yes, fuck. I’ll try.” Will nods his head, trying his best not to let the fear show in his voice.

Will’s hole is already stretched wide with Duncan’s own girth, so he’s intimidated by the idea of doubling that stretch all at once.

Will wants nothing more than to please his husband, so he will try anything when he’s challenged to do it. Especially in sex.

Duncan brings the toy to Will’s hole, tilting it at an angle so it can begin to slip in without needing to pull himself out.

Will feels like he’s going to cry when the head of the toy slips in beside Duncan’s hilt. He lets out a croaked groan that earns him a firm slap against his ass, making his toes curl in mixed pain and pleasure.

“Shit- shit, h-hit me again!” Will begs out, dropping his head between his arms, shoulder blades popping out of his broad skin now.

Duncan leans to kiss the long stab wound on Will’s right shoulder, and lands another harsh slap on his ass.

Will knows of the violence that Duncan is capable of, oh.. he knows. He’s seen it. Seen the aftermath of it, at least. The blood on the walls, the broken limbs of the victims.

Will loves it. Loves the fact that Duncan is dangerous. He could snap his neck right now, and it would be all over.

He groans at the thought, breath hitching when he feels Duncan stretch him further, now sliding the length of the toy into him.

The next heavy contact he receives makes him snap his eyes shut, overcome with pain on his already reddened flesh.

He knows that Duncan isn't holding his strength back, knows that he's not being the slightest bit gentle with him when he spanks him.

It's so refreshing to think about after his day at work, where Jack sat him down and made him talk with Dr. Lecter about his mental state.

Both of them treating him like a fragile teacup.

Duncan sees Will for the strong piece of meat that he is. He sees the dangerous potential in him and treats it with the respect it deserves.

But Duncan also sees the part of Will that needs to be dominated, held down, and fucked until he can't walk.

He's more than happy to nurture both.

"Shit- is it all in yet?" Will groans, sweat falling down his back as he pants, feeling all too full.

Duncan shoves the rest of the length in, pulling a shocked, and pain filled gasp from Will.

"A-ah! Fuck, Duncan!" Will cries out to him, and he takes this as a perfect time to land a few more hits on Will's ass, confusing his pain receptors.

Will is gasping for air by the end of it all, all of his senses overwhelmed. He needs something to ground him, and if he can't hand Duncan's skin against his, he'll demand his lips.

He pushes off of his hands to stand on his knees, taking a moment to make sure his balance is solid before reaching back for Duncan's hair.

He weakly pulls Duncan's face towards his, looking into his eye, deep with longing and desire as he takes his lips into his.

The kiss is full of passion, fevor.

While Will is distracted attacking his mouth, he brings his free hand around to hold Will's body to his own, stabilizing him.

He needs him stable so he can start to move himself, and the toy inside of him. Which he does, slow and steady at first, then quick and hard once Will can no longer keep their lips together, mouth agape resting against Duncan's closed one.

Both of them are moaning at the added stimulation of a second dick, rubbing them both perfectly. Will feels like he's being torn apart in the best fucking way.

“Goddd- why ha-“ Will’s voice was cut off by a particularly firm thrust, replaced by a low groan before he could finish his sentence. “-hadn’t we tried this before?”

Duncan doesn’t know how to answer that, because he doesn’t have a reason. He just hadn’t thought to shove anything more than just his dick into Will’s hole.

Duncan’s arms are flexing as they work, one straining to keep the dildo up with his pace, the other holding his lean man upright.

Will hasn’t reached the precipice this fast since he was a teen. He desperately wishes that he could hold on for longer, but when Duncan’s hips stutter in their rhythm, he knows that he’s right there with him.

With a few more thrusts to his abused hole, Will is cumming up onto his belly, and onto the couch cushion below. Duncan doesn’t spill for another 30 seconds or so, but the added stimulation of the hard dildo against his length definitely helped him get there fast enough for Will to bear it.

Though, his insides are so fucking sore from being so thouroughly fucked.

Duncan slips the dildo out before he pulls himself out, his cum leaking out of Will’s hole alongside some of the excess lube.

He lowers the both of them to a lying position on the other couch in the room, the one they always cuddle on after they have sex in the warehouse.

Duncan’s heart flutters when Will snuggles further into his chest, laying on top of him now.

It’s a grounding force, one that he’s come to love over his years with Will.

“Happy five years, Duncan.” Will murmurs into his chest, feeling his exhaustion creep up on him.

“Yes. Happy anniversary, love.” Duncan smiles into his curls, wondering how he’d gotten so lucky.

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